

Darkest Hour, Oklahoma

Within a mechanical pose
And a heart pumping a need for control
Forced to fit inside a mold
Living to dehumanize is gonna take its toll
Take it in
And let it saturate
Under the skin
Until you can't even
Remember when
You first felt the sinking
Feeling that
Something's missing you
Traded for a gun
Did we inflate your sense of pride
And did it feed your lust for power
When you threw us to the ground
You took what's ours and sold it back
Another day another dollar for this town
Your uniform made a perfect burial suit